

now I got you drunk, hot, and vulnerable (how do you like me now? do i turn you on?) by brawls (brawlite),
ToAStranger

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Summary:

The first thing Billy notices is the scent.

Heady, sweet, electric. It makes his mouth water, the second he walks in. Makes every bone in his body sing.

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Author's Note:

- For [Inthepaintbox](#).

This is a gift. Thanks to brawlite for helping me!

The first thing Billy notices is the scent.

Heady, sweet, electric. It makes his mouth water, the second he walks in. Makes every bone in his body sing.

“Steve?” he calls out, toeing his shoes off and hanging his coat up on the back of the door.

It's cold enough to need a jacket once the sun dips down. Makes curling up in bed at night with Steve even better, cold feet touching calves, laughter whispered between them.

There's a *pop* of sound from the kitchen. Billy follows it, finds Steve standing at the stove, still wearing a tie, dress shirt untucked.

The scent is stronger here. Headier. Something Billy recognizes the taste of, but also can't place.

“Hey, baby.” Steve says, bare feet flexing over the tile floor. “You're running late.”

“Yeah,” Billy says, licking his lips like that'll help him place the smell. It doesn't. “I got caught up.”

Billy takes a step closer and he's moving a little slow, body trying to catch up, trying desperately to breathe more of it in, nearly panting with his deep breaths.

Steve's got a bottle of wine open. He's pouring glasses of it, setting the bottle aside, and then holding out a glass to Billy.

His smile is sweet when he offers it, but his pupils are blown.

“Long day?” he asks.

“Yeah,” Billy says, and brings the glass to his nose to smell. Then, to taste. It's nice, but it's got nothing on what's in the air.

Billy takes another step forward and then another. Until he's nearly flush with Steve.

Billy breathes in and shudders.

“Baby,” he says, a hint of a question in his tone.

Steve bites the inside of his cheek, shifting his weight. “I got home a little early.”

“Yeah?” Billy asks.

He wants to press forward, to bury himself in Steve's neck -- and so he does.

The scent is stronger there. Almost overwhelming. Drugging. He smells hot and welcoming and *sweet* . So sweet, Billy wants to sink his teeth into him.

It makes him salivate. Makes him open his mouth and breathe deep. Makes him drag his tongue over that hot skin, over the pound of Steve's pulse.

“ *Billy*, ” Steve shivers and then steps back, and his eyes are dark and his cheeks are flush. “I--”

“Are you in rut?” Billy asks, finally placing the tang of it, even if it's--off.

Just a little.

Steve pulls from his wine glass. Practically downs half of it. Then sets it carefully aside on the countertop.

“No,” Steve says, just as careful, gaze locked on Billy's even as the tips of his ears burn. “I'm in heat.”

And *jesus* , Billy gets immediately hard.

It's so fast he feels dizzy with it. Ruined. Desperate.

"Baby," Billy says, slow. Like he's *finally* catching up. His hand settling on Steve's hip. "Is it that time already?"

Steve *beams* -- caution evaporating like it was never there to begin with-- when Billy pulls him a step closer. He nods, eyes bright, and fists a hand into Billy's shirt.

He gives a little tug. "I need you."

Billy runs a hand down Steve's spine. Lets it come to rest at the small of his back to pull him closer.

He downs the rest of his glass of wine, uncaring what it tastes like. All he cares about is Steve. Steve, and the way he smells, the way he's going to taste.

"I'm gonna take real good care of you," Billy says.

Then he moves, crowding Steve up against the counter, caging him in. Grinds himself against Steve, just to show how hard he is, how hard Steve is making him.

Steve lets out a broken little sound, clutching at Billy. Dragging him closer. Breath catching against Billy's mouth as he steals a kiss.

"Been thinking about it all day," Steve says, voice soft and hot and *wanting* . "Thinking about you-- about your *knot* . About what I wanted you to do when you got home."

"Have you?" Billy asks, feeling already strung out.

It's strangely easy to lose himself to the scent in the air. Easy to just let himself fold to this fantasy.

"God," Billy say, grinding himself against Steve with a huff, teeth grazing the bite mark on his neck. "Are you already dripping for me, baby?"

Steve shudders. “ *Yes .*”

And that's-- that's a surprise. Not unwelcome. But Billy wonders if it's *true*.

Because he *can* , Billy *checks* .

Billy leans back a bit and pops open the button on Steve's pants, then unzips them. Then, he reaches a hand behind Steve, uncaring as he pushes between Steve and the counter, and slides his hand down the back of Steve's pants.

His fingers pull down over the crack of Steve's ass and then -- and then, they hit the sweet slick of him. Warm and wet. Without trying, two of Billy's fingers slide into Steve's heat.

“Oh *fuck* ,” Billy groans, breath gone.

Steve's eyes are wide. His fingers spasm over Billy's arms. He *keens* .

“ *Billy* ,” Steve huffs, tightens, ruts against him. “Billy, *please* . Need you to fuck me. Need you to *use* me.”

Billy doesn't know how much slick is inside Steve right now, doesn't know how much he used to work himself open, but whatever he did, it's *perfect* .

“Gonna,” Billy says, feeling stupid with want. Almost paralyzed by it. “Gonna fucking use you.”

Is this what it's like? he thinks, as he manhandles Steve until he's leaning over the counter, elbows on it, ass to Billy.

Fumbling and dizzy, Billy yanks Steve's pants down just enough. He unzips himself, pulling out his already aching cock, and slides himself in home.

So goddamn easy.

It's never been *quite* that easy before. It feels so *real* . Like Steve's body is doing this for him, like he needs it.

Steve moans. Low and soft and shaking. He takes Billy like he's *made for it* . Slick and easy and *perfect* .

It's heady. Overwhelming as the scent of arousal in the air. Steve whines against the marble countertop, fingers curling helplessly as he goes tight around him. Rocks back like he needs to feel Billy *deeper*.

Normally, Billy would go all slow. Go easy, so Steve could get used to him. Now, though? Steve's so loose, so stretched, Billy knows he can just *take* .

Besides, if Steve *was* in heat, he wouldn't want slow. He'd want brutal and fast and frantic.

Which is exactly what Billy gives him. Hips snapping into Steve, cock driving in as deep as he can go on each thrust. Billy's hands find Steve's hips, pulling him close so Billy can get some leverage, so he can fucking *breed* Steve.

Steve's breath goes high, reedy, *fucked out*. It tells Billy *exactly* how long it took to get this wet, this open, and how long Steve has been *waiting* .

Billy can hear him curse. Can hear him keen. Feels the way he goes tight as he jerks with each inward thrust.

"Billy," he says-- *whines* -- clawing at the counter. " *Billy* , I-- *fuck* , don't stop."

He spasms. Bucks in a way that tells Billy Steve's *already close* . Moans against the marble and lets Billy *take* .

Billy gives Steve exactly what he needs: he uses him.

He fucks into Steve like the world's ending, like nothing matters outside of *getting off* . Like he's an alpha consumed with the pheromones of an omega's heat. It's an easy fantasy to get lost in: Steve smells so good and the noises he's making are fucking magical.

Steve whines again, pitiful and needy, and it's all Billy needs. His orgasm comes fast and hard, and he can feel himself spilling inside of Steve, hot and slick as he fucks into his own release, the base of his

cock immediately swelling. Like it's real. Like he's gotta keep it inside.

Steve arches. He ruts back to take it, whines like he needs it, and as Billy's hips stutter forward to press deeper, he comes against the side of the counter with a groan. Milking Billy out with the vice heat of his body.

He slumps, after. Lets his forehead rest against the counter and shudders. There's sweat in his hair and sticking his shirt to skin, and he pants against the cool relief of stone.

The relief gives Billy a moment to breathe, to truly appreciate this thing that they're doing. It's a fantasy both of them have had, something they've talked about while getting each other off -- but Billy never thought, somehow, about truly acting it out.

He's not sure why they haven't.

He's not sure he really wants to *stop*.

"Baby," Billy says, nosing at Steve's neck. Licking. Nibbling. "You smell so good." He rolls his hips, rocking into Steve's heat. Letting his thoughts get a little cloudy again, a little heady. "Wanna fill you up until you're dripping with me. Wanna fucking breed you."

Steve quakes, breath catching as he squeezes around the girth of Billy and his knot. He moans as Billy rocks, tied to him, and tilts his head over in perfect submission.

"Please." Steve breathes. "Want it. Need you to fill me up."

It's so strange, having Steve like this. Normally there's no hint of omega in his posture. Even if Billy's fucking into Steve, they're both still very firmly alphas. But now? Well, Steve's a good actor, apparently.

"It's okay, baby," Billy says sweet-talking at Steve's neck, peppering his words with kisses. "Gonna take care of you. Gonna give you everything you need."

He keeps rocking his hips, just short little thrusts, nothing to disturb

his knot, but enough to get Steve going again.

It works. Steve whines, high and helpless, in the back of his throat. He jerks, spasms around his knot *so good* , and squirms against the counter.

Billy *knows* Steve's own knot is probably burning hot. He knows it's not fair to leave him aching like this-- stuffed full with nothing to fuck into, oversensitive and shaking. But Steve's not begging Billy to wrap his fist around his knot like he might usually. He's not doing it *himself* .

He wonders if this is part of the fantasy, too.

Steve's fingers are curling against the marble, trying to dig in. “ *Billy-- Billy, please* , I-- I need--”

What he needs is Billy's fist over his knot. Tight fingers, hot and constricting. Billy knows this.

But omegas don't *have* knots.

“Baby,” Billy says, pressing Steve harder against the counter, so that at least Steve's cock can grind up against *something* while Billy rocks into him. “Gonna need you to come for me. Come on, baby. I know you can. Wanna feel you come around me.”

Billy's voice is pitched low, commanding. Like the way an alpha would talk to their omega.

Steve whines again. Thrashes a bit, hands splaying out over the counter, and he grunts as Billy grinds deep into him-- pressing in all the right ways.

His shoulders are shaking a little, as he rocks back against him, as he tightens over his knot like he's trying to get *Billy* to come--

He strains, suddenly and beautifully, ripples of bliss making arch and he presses his cry to the counter as he comes around Billy's knot.

“Knew you could, baby,” Billy praises, breathy and tight. “Knew you could do it.”

Steve's muscles contracting around him, tight and hot, pull another spurt of pleasure out of Billy, a small orgasm coursing over him as Steve comes. He fucks it deep into Steve, shuddering as his hips roll.

He stays like that for a while, slumped over Steve's body, pressed close, heat trapped between the two of them. Beneath him, Steve shivers and quakes, breath steadying back out as they come back down together.

Steve reaches back, blind, and finds one of Billy's hands. He laces their fingers together and hums as Billy's weight settles even more over him.

Billy grips Steve's hand tight, squeezes it as his breathing evens out. As they both settle down.

It's a while before Billy's knot loosens. But he doesn't pull out immediately. Can't bring himself to.

"You're so perfect, baby," Billy says. He nuzzles at Steve's neck, breathes in the heady smell of him. "How long before you think you'll be hit with another wave of it?"

Do you want to keep going? is what he means.

Steve shivers, squeezing at his hand, and there's a moment before he replies. "Not long."

"Come on, then," Billy says.

He slowly pulls himself out and hoists Steve up in his arms, like he's a blushing bride. Like he's Billy's dizzy omega.

On the way to the bedroom, he grabs a bottle of water from where Steve left one on the counter -- clearly prepared. And that, in and of itself, has Billy smiling, pressing his lips into Steve's hair.

He spreads Steve out on the bed and crowds in on top of him, nosing at Steve's neck, at the scar his teeth left there so long ago. It's so easy to lose himself in Steve's scent. Not because Billy's trying to pretend he's an omega, but because Steve *always* smells so good.

Steve lets out a breath like relief, humming as Billy kisses over his bite. He pulls at the cotton of Billy's shirt, shifts beneath him like he's restless, wiggling out of his pants. Like he's trying to get skin on skin. Like he *needs* it.

When Billy checks, his pupils are still blown out wide, like he's *actually* in heat-- or in rut.

It's hot as sin.

Billy barely even registers pulling off his own clothes, until he's spread out on top of Steve, not a lick of cotton between them. He's hard again, but lazily so, as he shifts over Steve, as he luxuriates in the feel of him, the smell of him.

"How're you feeling?" Billy asks, teeth over the curve of Steve's ear, carefully nipping at the cartilage.

Steve shivers, arches, and ghosts his hands down Billy's back. "Good. Hot. I'm so *hot* , Billy."

And he is. Warm to the touch, flush in the face, restless beneath him.

"I know, baby," Billy says, shivering under Steve's touch. "You just gotta ride it out."

Steve grins, something wicked and delighted in his eyes. "Would rather ride *you*."

Billy shudders, but in the best way.

"You ready for me again?" he asks, kissing down Steve's neck. "I think," he says, humming, "that you should wait until you're *nice* and wet for me."

Billy wants Steve squirming for him. Wants him begging.

That doesn't stop him from reaching down between the two of them, doesn't stop him from getting his hand between Steve's legs, fingers teasing at his rim. He's still dripping with Billy's release, hot and ready. But he's not whining for it, yet. He's still way too lucid.

Steve sucks in a sharp, shaking breath. He moans, hips rolling up as his mouth falls open. His fingers dig in at Billy's shoulders when Billy only teases.

And sure, Billy *could* push his fingers into Steve, to fill him up and to stretch him out. But he wants to work Steve up again, wants to leave him gasping for more. So he just plays with the sensitive nerves of his rim, just teases around it and presses against it -- refusing to fill him, refusing to give him *more* .

A whine wells up in Steve's throat. His fingers dig in, curl tighter, until his nails are pressing in. As Billy plays with him, his movements become more shaky. More desperate.

He's whispering pleas under his breath after a while. Trying to get more than this torture, this teasing. His cock is hard again, weeping against his belly.

"Please," he begs, squirming. "Please, I'm so-- I *need you* . Need your knot. Need you to fill me. I'm so wet for you, *please* --"

"Baby," Billy says. "Sweetheart, you gotta *wait* ."

Really, because Steve twisting like this is making his cock *ache* . It's making him drip as he rocks against Steve's hip, as he plays with his hole. And, because Billy's even feeling a little generous, he snags the bottle of slick from Steve's bedside table and gets his fingers nice and wet, just so Steve's dripping with it.

Steve shudders, lashes fluttering as Billy runs his fingertips over the rim of him. "I don't-- I don't *want* to wait."

"I know," Billy says.

He slides a finger into Steve. Then, another. But, after Billy's knot, it feels like nothing. He can only imagine how empty Steve feels.

But he wants Steve ravenous. Billy knows he'll get there. Knows he'll get to the point where he'll push Billy over and climb on top of him. He's done it before, mid-rut. And Billy knows he can push Steve toward that, now.

He drags it out with steady motions. Curled presses of his fingers. Fucks Steve slow with them as Steve rides out the sensations beneath him. Watches as he rocks with it, clutching Billy close, legs splayed like a beautiful invitation. Watches his throat work and his dark eyes go hazy.

Works him up, just like that, until Steve is trying to ride down onto his fingers. Until he writhing, cock red against his stomach, saying *more, more, Billy, more* under his breath.

And then Billy goes *slower* .

Steve bears his teeth up at him. Digs his nails it. Bucks.

“ *Billy* --”

Billy pulls his fingers free, goes to add more slick, but Steve is too quick. Is already shoving him back, catching his mouth in a brutal, desperate kiss, and pressing him down onto the bed as he straddles him. Licks into his mouth as Billy's hands go to his hips, and fumbles for something Billy can't see.

But then Steve's hand is on his cock, wet and warm, and guiding. He doesn't wait. Just bites at his lip and pulls back so he can sink down, down, *down* onto Billy's length-- tight and hot and so fucking *wet* around him. Slides home so easy it's *sinful* .

In his lap, Steve's head falls back as he braces his hands on Billy's abdomen. Clenches tighter around him and *rocks* .

It's all Billy can do to just curse, to grab Steve's hips and pull him down even further, like he just can't get enough. Because now that Steve is on him, Billy's got no self-control.

Like Steve's truly an omega and Billy just can't help himself.

Steve groans, like having Billy thrust up into him is the *best thing* he's ever felt, and ruts down to meet him with a roll of his hips. His fingers curl against his stomach and when he meets Billy's eyes, his gaze is still hazy with *need* .

He sets a rhythm. Rocking and riding him, the muscles in his thighs

straining, the angle making him moan on every breath. Clenching around him as he rolls his hips. Gorgeous and fucking *evil* .

“C'mon,” Steve breathes. “C'mon, baby. I need it-- need to feel you come in me again. Need you to fill me up.”

Evil and *filthy* .

Steve's so goddamn good at egging Billy on, it should be illegal.

Billy shudders, his hips bucking up into Steve's body, spurred on by the rhythm, by the smell of Steve's need in the air. It's easy to get lost in the fantasy, in the *reality* that Steve needs him.

“Gonna,” Billy pants, hands clutching at Steve's thighs, digging into the meat of them.

When he comes, he comes hard, hips shaking as his knot immediately fills, stuffing into Steve, stretching him out as Billy groans, loud and raw. Steve sobs, spasms tight, and settles into a helpless little rutting motion.

“Billy--” he gasps.

But Billy can't give Steve what he needs, can't fist a hand around his cock, around his knot.

He gives him what he *wants* , instead.

He leans up, kisses Steve, hungry and messy, panting against his mouth as the tail end of his pleasure courses through him. Then, he fucking *babbles* , panting out his words against Steve's lips.

“Gonna fucking breed you, baby. Gonna stuff you so full you're dripping with it. You want that? Want me to fill you up?”

Steve whines, head nodding, fingers sinking into his hair and pulling. Billy's knot throbs as Steve squirms in his lap, gasping against his mouth.

“ *Please* ,” Steve says, rutting and rocking until it becomes too much, until he can't help but spill out between them, his own knot swelling

as he rides his orgasm out on Billy's.

Billy leaves his knot be, even though he desperately wants to slide his fist over it. After this, after they're done, he's going to spend his time lavishing attention on it. He's going to work it out of Steve again, going to lick and tongue over it, worshiping it like he should.

"I got you," Billy says, pressing a kiss to Steve's lips as Steve spasms around him, as Steve empties himself onto Billy's stomach.

Steve's eyes flutter shut as he pants into Billy's mouth. Breathing Billy's name onto his lips as he twitches.

Eventually, he shudders and slumps, letting Billy take his weight as he rests his head to Billy's brow. "Fuck."

"Fuck," Billy echoes, a dopey smile on his face. "Thank you, baby. For letting me have you like this. For letting me take care of you." Billy presses a kiss to Steve's temple, to his hair and grins. "During your heat."

It earns Billy a punched, grunt of a sound-- and a keen follows as he tests the weight of Billy's knot with a clench of his body. He ends up panting, a trembling shudder running through him, and he nods and tilts his head over.

"Love your knot in me, *alpha*. "

Billy shivers, opens his mouth, and then bites down over Steve's neck. No preamble, no lick, just teeth pressing into skin.

Steve cries out, sharp and surprised, body going completely taut. Going tight, muscles contracting, breath leaving him. Between them, his cock gives a sharp kick, leaking at the head as his knot throbs.

Billy can't help but rock a little bit, hips rolling against Steve's weight above him. He holds his teeth there until Steve's breathing evens out and only then does he pull back to press his lips to Steve's jaw, his cheek, his lips.

"So good for me. So perfect," Billy says, arms wrapping around Steve's body to pull him close. "You're so good, baby. And you're all

mine.”

Steve takes Billy's face between his hands and feeds him kisses between breaths. “Yours. All yours.”

Billy hums, content, as he pulls Steve as close as he can, given their constraints.

Eventually, when his knot shrinks, he wrestles Steve back down onto the bed like he had him before -- but he doesn't just smother him, he presses his cock lazily back inside. Like he just can't get enough. Like he can't afford for any of his come to leak out.

Steve groans, arching a little and settling beneath him. He spasms, eyes heavy, and *takes it*. Lets Billy slide back into him, fill him, and hitches his legs up to let him deeper.

And Steve had said, had told Billy to *use* him.

The thought of that has Billy breathing heavy, hips rocking into Steve's slick heat. Even though he's sensitive, even though he's not rock hard, he can't stop his hips from rolling, seeking *more* .

Giving Steve what he wanted.

Steve clings to him. His breath catches and he rocks with him, whining as the oversensitivity of it makes his body strain and tremble.

Billy's lazy with it, but unrelenting. Like he refuses to let a moment pass that isn't giving them both pleasure. And Steve--

Steve *takes* it. Lets him fuck him, steady and slow. Lets Billy fill him, over and over. Even as his breath starts to come shorter and shorter. Even as he struggles to bite back each whine. Even as his body strains and fights the overwhelming, unstoppable pleasure of it.

Eventually, Steve presses his head back into the sheets, bucking sharply as he sobs, breaking as Billy keeps fucking his own come into him. He spills out over his stomach, bowing up beautifully, and clamps down around Billy as his knot throbs, lovely and hot, at the base of his cock.

Claws at Billy's shoulders when he still doesn't stop. Tears well in his eyes as his knot stays full and heavy, his cock still hard, the ecstasy of Billy moving in him, filling him, of not having what his body actually needs to calm down, keeping him right on the edge.

He gasps as Billy grinds into the twitching heat of him, eyes rolling back. “*Please-- please, too much-- please , just--*”

“What is it, baby?” Billy asks, because they have words for this, for when they actually need to stop and aren't just bringing each other to the edge of madness-- Steve's never used his, but Billy has twice. “Gotta keep going, right? Gotta knot you again. Breed you. Make sure it *takes* . Fill you up until you can't anymore.”

Steve whimpers, hands shaking, eyes wet-- but he nods. Nods and swallows thick and *keeps playing*. Even overwhelmed, even in his daze of pleasure that borders on *fire*, he plays along.

“Please,” Steve presses to Billy's lips, coaxing him closer. “Knot me. Come in me again. So *hot*, Billy-- need it. I need it. Don't stop.”

And Billy doesn't. *Can't* . Not with Steve taking him like this. Not with him looking so wrecked already. Doesn't think he can stop *at all* -- feels hazy and feverish, like his own rut has set upon him, or his instincts are actually rising to the challenge of filling Steve up like he is his omega at the height of heat.

He grunts as his orgasm hits him. Buckles a little under the weight of it. Drives deep and lets out a ragged, animal sound as he pumps Steve fuller, as his knot swells to keep it all there inside of him.

Billy all but collapses on top of Steve. Hears him keen as his knot presses deeper. Grits his teeth as Steve's body works around him, tightening in a sporadic rhythm as they both settle.

“You okay?” he asks, peppering Steve's throat with kisses. “Need me to--”

“No,” Steve breathes, voice a shaky mess. “Not-- not unless you're done.”

Billy groans. “*Baby.*”

Steve's arms soothe up his back as Billy pets at Steve's hips and thighs and sides, voice low on his ear. "Feels so *good* . So *full* , Billy. Love it when you use me. Love feeling you in me. Wish you could pump me full and *keep me like that* ."

Billy's cock gives an almost painful jump at the idea. His knot *throbs* . His heart pounds in his chest.

"Think you need more?" he asks, still locked with him, pulling back just enough to meet his gaze.

Can you take more ? is what he means.

Because Billy knows-- he *knows* -- he can keep using Steve like this. Has never pushed this much outside of a rut, but-- he's a young, virile alpha and his instincts are *screaming* to keep going. As if Steve's *really* in heat and his body is rising to the challenge.

He might have to call in sick to work tomorrow, though. They're both going to be *sore* .

Steve hesitates. Clenches around him-- to test his own body, maybe-- and a sound catches in his throat.

" *Yes* ," he says.

Billy moans, littering Steve's face with sweet, simple kisses. He rocks in firmer as he does, just to make Steve go tight again, and is rewarded for it as Steve arches and his lovely cock spurts against his belly.

Billy does it again, just to make Steve's eyes roll back.

"Fucking beautiful, baby. Taking me so well." Billy hisses, grinding at the perfect angle, Steve's internal muscles a constant flutter of wet heat around him. "Gonna fill you up just right. Use you-- *pump you so full* , just like you need."

Steve's moan is a broken little thing. His hands drop to the sheets and clutch there. Billy thumbs at his nipples, touches him everywhere but his still hard cock, but his pretty knot.

He keeps grinding like that, pressing his own release deeper, until his knot eases a bit. Then, he starts dragging himself out, knot still half swollen, so that it catches at the sensitive rim of Steve's body as he pulls almost all the way free of his clutching muscles.

Kissing at Steve's chest as his breath comes short and sharp, Billy seeks the lube out and cants Steve's hips up. Pours slick out over his cock, over Steve's hole, until he's dripping with it. Until he's *soaked* and messy and twitching.

"God, you're so *wet* , baby."

There's still a hint of swelling at the base of his length. Billy grips Steve by the hips, weight on his knees, and drives in hard, fast, deep.

The wail of pleasure, of raw ecstasy, it earns is *perfection* .

So is the way Steve strains. Muscles flexing tight under his skin. Mouth open, eyes wide, flush and sweating.

" *Fuck* ," Billy hisses--

And then he *moves* . Just as brutal, just as unforgiving, as he'd been bending Steve over the kitchen counter. Gets the bed moving beneath them. Gets Steve *crying out* each time he thrusts in.

Gets Steve sobbing and thrashing and *begging* .

"Please, *pleaseplease* Billy-- god , *please* ."

"C'mon," Billy's fingers curl tighter at his hips, drag him forward each time he fucks in. " *C'mon*, baby-- come for me again. Let me see."

Steve stops breathing for a second, long and drawn out, going like a vice around Billy as he bucks and comes *hard* . His cock jumps as he spills out, making a mess of himself, and he starts sobbing in earnest as Billy works him through it-- as he fucks him and doesn't touch his length.

" *Billy*--" Steve hiccups, knees drawing up, tears streaking down his temples. " *Billy* --"

Billy gathers him up in his arms. Slows enough to rock back, pulling Steve with him into his lap until he's impaled down on Billy's cock, swallowing up another sob of his name in a kiss as he hushes Steve and soothes him with subtler rolls of his hips up and in.

He pets up Steve's sides as he shakes. Keeps a heavy arm around his waist as Steve squirms and says *too much, too much* .

"I got you," Billy says, voice rough, still rutting. "Need it, don't you, baby? Need my knot again?"

Steve keens and collapses against him. "Yes. Yes."

Billy moans, burying his face at Steve's neck, biting at their bond mark, jerking up once-- twice--

And coming into the heat of Steve's body again, knot coming easy, locking them together as Steve trembles and whines in his lap.

It's never been like this before, never been this easy to just push forward and keep going. But Billy's biology has got him, has stepped up to the plate like Steve was made for this. Like he was made to be bred by Billy.

"I got you, baby," Billy says, tongue laving over the deep tooth marks on Steve's neck, at the hints of blood there. "One more time for me, please baby. Come on."

He rolls his hips, fucking his knot into Steve to the best of his ability, stretching him, pulling him.

Steve moans, low and wrecked, from the back of his throat. " *Billy-- I can't-- I can't--* "

"You can," Billy promises him. "You can because I say you can. Because I'm your alpha and you're my omega, because I'm breeding you, baby. And I need you to come for me again."

Billy can feel how full Steve is of his come, how it is dripping down the back of his thighs, slipping with each rough thrust of Billy's hips. Steve jerks, bucking down and clutching at Billy's shoulders. He gasps as Billy holds him down and ruts in-- pressing just right, filling

him perfectly-- and Billy can feel the way his body fights it.

The way he squeezes tight around him. The way his muscles wind taut. The way he strains and grunts as Billy rocks into him.

And then he breaks. Just like Billy knew he could. Comes between them with a sob and spasms, twitches, shudders as sensitive muscles flutter over Billy's knot like his body trying to get Billy to fill him up more.

Billy pushes forward, fucks into Steve as deep as he can go. Until Steve is whining, gasping, until Billy is kissing at the tears on his cheeks.

"So good, baby," Billy says, dipping down to press a kiss to Steve's lips, sweet as sugar. "So good for me. Thank you."

Steve pants against his mouth, tremors rippling up through him, voice wet and wrecked. "*Please*. Please, Billy-- s'too much, *please* ."

It nearly makes Billy pause, but he knows Steve. Knows that, in the end, it's *not* . Knows he can take more, if he's still begging so prettily.

"I got you," Billy says, his own voice rough as he slows his hips to a gentle roll -- but doesn't stop. Because it feels *so good*. Because Steve is so tight around him.

Steve grunts, a high keening following it as his head falls back and he pants, open mouthed and wet. The tension in his body gives under Billy's careful movements, going pliant and soft everywhere but where Billy is rutting into him and where his cock still strains. Lets Billy take over completely as he tries to catch his breath and bearings even as oversensitivity leaves him bucking, twitching, *gasping* .

It takes Billy a while to find another orgasm, but he's greedy for it, hungry and addicted to all of Steve's sounds.

When he does, grunting and panting, his knot is still swollen. He can feel his cock twitching, emptying the last little spurts of a release into Steve. It's not much, and the pleasure is half pain, but it's good, *so good*.

Billy gasps out, wet and shaky as he rides it out, teeth at Steve's neck, arms wrapped completely around him.

Steve moans-- a guttural, half animal sound-- and takes it with a hitch of his hips. Lets Billy hold him close as he fills him that much more. Clamps down around his knot, body keeping him there, buried deep and plugging him like it's what he was actually made for.

His arms are shaking when they come up to drape over Billy's shoulders. Fingers trembling as they sink into his hair and hold him tight. As they both take shuddering, rasping breaths.

Billy floats like that for a little while, just breathing Steve in, body weighing him down into their soft mattress. As he comes back, he presses kisses to Steve's neck with shuddering breaths, murmuring his love, his gratitude against sweaty skin.

Steve shivers, a whimper welling up in his throat. He doesn't say anything, maybe *can't* , but he presses his face into Billy's hair and shudders.

"Love you," Billy says, lips on Steve's cheek, against his eyes, over his jaw. "So much. You're so good. You okay, baby?"

Steve nods, blinking, eyes still hazy and wet and face still flush. He hums an affirmative, and turns his face to meet Billy's mouth in a slow kiss.

Billy kisses him until they're both out of breath, bodies humming with energy spent.

Eventually, Billy pulls back, gets one arm free, and pushes the hair out of Steve's face.

"You're gorgeous, you know that, right? So fucking pretty."

Steve actually blushes, like Billy doesn't tell him he's beautiful or hot or pretty every damn day. He looks, for a moment, like he actually wants to hide from the compliment.

Instead, he shifts-- biting back a sound as he squirms, still fucked out and sensitive and baring Billy's knot perfectly-- and his voice shakes,

rough and ruined, when he offers it. "I'm a *mess* ."

"Yeah," Billy says with a gentle smile. "You *are*." And yeah, okay, maybe he's a little proud. Because he made Steve like this. So beautiful and so perfect. "We'll get you cleaned up in a bit."

But not now, not yet. He can't bare to be separated from Steve.

Steve nods, thighs flexing at his hips and then relaxing, sighing and slurring. "S'good. Feeling you like this. M'so *full* of you."

"I know," Billy says, hips rolling just slightly as Steve flexes, seeking that pang of overstimulation, just enough to have him gasping. "God, you're so wet. Dripping. I can't *believe* --" Billy says. "You smell just like you're in heat. How'd you *do* that?"

" *Billy* ," Steve sighs, arching for him, blinking past the haze to answer him. "There's-- I took a pill. Like-- a fake rut. Heightens the scent. Wanted-- wanted to make it *real* ."

Billy shifts, tightens his arms around Steve and buries his face in Steve's neck. Breathes him in. It's a little chemical, but it still smells so good because it's Steve.

" *Damn* . What a experience, huh?" Billy says.

Steve hums. "Wanted to give you what you wanted."

Billy furrows his brow. Kisses at Steve's throat. "What do you mean?"

"Told me you wished I was an omega," Steve says, a little dreamy, still coasting on the high of endorphins. "Thought I was, before you found out I wasn't. You told me how much you'd wished I had been, back then."

Billy makes a noise that sounds a little too hurt, even to his own ears.

"No," he says, emphatically He wants to scoop Steve closer, but he's already as close as he can get. "No, I don't want you to be anything you aren't. Fuck, I love that you're an alpha. I love *you* and you're perfect the way you are." And it's true. He wouldn't change a hair on Steve's head -- except maybe he'd take Steve putting the cap back on

the toothpaste every once in a while. "Baby, that was before everything. That was before I knew I could have you just like this."

Steve blinks at him, like he's not quite sure what to do with that, and then smiles-- soft and dopey and sweet. "I know. I just wanted to give you the fantasy of it. And I-- I wanted it too. Wanted to be that for you. Even just for a little while."

"Well," Billy says, slow. Unsure. "It was fun. It was hot, too. For a little while." He kisses Steve, then. Soft. "But I like you just the way you are. Besides," he tugs at Steve's lip a little, grinning, "I like your knot too much."

Steve groans, craning up to chase his lips. Catching them and licking into his mouth, past his teeth, *whining* .

"*Please* touch me," Steve pulls back with a ragged plea. "You have no idea-- Billy, I'm *burning up* , just-- *god* , anything to make it stop."

And, *yeah*, Billy can tell it must be driving him crazy. Especially knowing he took something to increase his scent and sex drive. It's no wonder he's been half delirious and coming so easily when his body still needs certain stimulation to feel *finished* .

They've been through enough ruts together that Billy knows what it's like.

"I got you," Billy says, shifting just to remind Steve that he's still inside him. Knot smaller now, but still there.

Messy and uncoordinated, Billy squirts lube over his hand and gets it between them, gets it over Steve's dick. Over his half-swollen knot.

Steve's breath catches on his relief. He shudders and arches and groans as he slumps back and his hips lurch up. His eyes roll back at the dual sensation, mouth falling open, and he twitches tight, *tighter* , over him.

"Ah, *fuck* --" he hisses, and all Billy needs to do is *squeeze* at the heat of Steve's knot, and Steve jerks and spills out. " *Billy* . "

Billy groans as Steve spasms around him, unable to come again but

certainly feeling it. He grips Steve's knot tight, like it was his own body holding Steve down, milking him for all he's worth.

"I got you, baby. Jesus, look at you, you're so *good*."

Steve pants through it. Billy feels his knot pulse. Grips him as he finally-- *finally* -- comes down, the heat of him easing as he goes soft.

It's amazing, watching his partner relax like that, all the fight going out of him at once.

Billy peppers his face with kisses, still holding his knot, working over him with lazy fingers. Gentle.

"So good, baby."

Steve hums, head lulling. "S'perfect. So perfect, Billy. Love you."

"Love you too," Billy says, nosing at Steve's open neck. "So goddamn much."

Steve grins, a little dopey, carding his fingers through Billy's hair. "My alpha," he says, affectionate and playful.

"My everything," Billy says, lips over Steve's bond mark. So hopelessly and absolutely in love.